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Original.

CAUSES OF INSTABILITY IN PASTORAL CONNECTIONS.

OCCASIONAL SERMON,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONNECTICUT STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS, AT STAMFORD, ON WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23d, 1848.

BY REV. L. C. BROWNE.

"And have no certain dwelling-place."—1 COR. IV: 11.

III. Want of Intellectual Qualifications in the Ministry. We do not intimate that our societies are growing more unstable, or that our clergy are less qualified than formerly. Doubtless there is some improvement in both of these particulars. But the disparity between our wants and our supplies, is becoming greater and more apparent. A society which has existed for centuries of years, and enjoyed the labors of successive evangelists, is expected, and ought, to settle into permanency. But without a qualified ministry, the pastoral connection could not assume much permanency, even were all our societies prepared for such a condition. Many of our ministers enter the field with so little opportunity for early education, and with so little professional preparation, that they cannot sustain themselves, for a long period, in the same location. Such are tasked, in comparison with an educated ministry, like the Israelites in Egypt, who had to produce their allotted tale of brick, and gather straw in the same time. We have to attend to our pastoral duties, prepare our pulpit exercises, and gather our own materials for sermonizing, at the same time. The clergyman of thorough education, is like the builder who has his timber ready hewn, lying in assorted piles, and has only to frame, and join the work together, and give the fabric symmetry and finish. But our self-taught, or rather self-teaching ministry, before they can begin framing, must go into the wilderness and cull, and fell, and score, and hew the timber. This is an exhaustive labor; and few men have the energy and endurance, under such circumstances, to continue a great number of years in the same pastoral field.

Our means of ministerial permanence are not increasing in proportion to the demand for permanent ministration. And in consequence of this growing disparity, unless a remedy is obtained, we must soon be losing ground. Already, doubtless, we are gaining less rapidly than we might be, had we better facilities for ministerial preparation. With our self-teaching ministers, the amount of mental application requisite to sustain ourselves as pastors, often so debilitates the physical system, so as to compel a change of field, in order to afford a respite from the intensity of intellectual exertion.

And while our clergy are less favored than most others with the means of early intellectual culture, their position, more than that of the clergy of most other orders, demands intellectual effort. The ministry of limitarian orders, demands only the reiteration of stereotyped ideas, with fervor of feeling and precision of diction, to satisfy the most intelligent of their hearers. Progress in thought, is not only not required, but is deprecated, and would, indeed, be fatal to their conservative position. But the liberal ministry requires progress of thought, and variety of topic. There are more new and distinct theological ideas advanced in the liberal pulpits of New England, in a single Sabbath, than there have been in all the Calvinistic pulpits in Christendom, since the meeting of the Westminster Assembly. Under these circumstances,—the gift of tongues and the miraculous endowments of the apostolic age, being no longer available,—we must have means of ministerial education, or we can have no great permanency in the pastoral relation.

IV. Financial Embarrassments.

This, and the last named, among the more obvious and im-

mediate causes of instability, are the most frequent. When a religious society can not meet its current expenditures for the ordinary purposes of worship, without imposing frequent and unexpected burdens upon individual members, both pastor and people will grow discouraged, and the cords of their union will grow brittle.

Inexperienced societies, especially in our towns and cities, are sometimes guilty of an unbecoming extravagance, arising from an unchristian rivalry with other congregations, in regard to externals. Though small in numbers, and weak in means, they sometimes aspire to erect the costliest house of worship, in the place; and for the accomplishment of this, they contract an onerous debt, that hangs like a millstone over their future prosperity, grinding them to dust. And then, to have things in keeping, they must settle a popular pastor; and with most extravagant expectations of increase in numbers and revenue, they promise a salary quite beyond their means. Ministers are often as short-sighted, in this respect, as congregations. Clergymen, in general, are not financiers, and it cannot be expected that they should be. And when a pastor and a society come together, with extravagant ideas of financial prosperity, their mutual disappointment often excites a mutual discontent. The society soon wants a pastor whom they can support at a smaller expense; and the pastor seeks a society who can afford a larger compensation.

Next to a frequent change of ministers, the worst thing for a society, is to be involved in debt. In nearly all the older towns of New England, at the present day, lines are pretty distinctly drawn between theological opinions; and revolutions must move slowly. A new society must take the materials that are left unabsorbed by older and more popular ones, and depend for increase, principally, upon the increase or change of population.

The members of congregations are sometimes, perhaps, too parsimonious in their estimate of the value of religious worship, and in contributing to its support. And ministers are sometimes, perhaps, too grasping. Yet I am confident, from my own observation, that the reverse is oftener true. Societies are prone to be lavish in their expenditures, beyond good Christian economy; and ministers are frequently inattentive to the prospective wants of themselves and families. This fact must have been observed by our lamented friend in a neighboring State, who left so beneficent a bequest for the relief of the indigent families of deceased Universalist clergymen. There is great need of a reform in these things, which can be realized only as the fruit of dear and sometimes fatal experience. The minister should learn economy, and be moderate in his demands, and unostentatious in his style. And there should be more of system and energy, on the part of societies, in conducting the economies of worship. The executive officers of a society should be attentive to its pecuniary interests, and prompt in meeting its engagements. They should carefully husband its resources, and anticipate its liabilities. The financial prosperity of the parish depends upon their committee, or trustees, as much as their spiritual prosperity upon the pastor.

These financial difficulties have sometimes induced the minister to divide his attention between the ministry and some secular profession. And he thus not only diverts a large portion of his thoughts from a field, where, with a limited education, his whole mind is scarcely adequate to secure success; but he also becomes, perhaps, a rival in business with some influential parishioner; and this creates division in the parish. One profession is certainly enough for one mind, even with the best facilities for culture. And where the energies of a half educated mind are shared between two professions, both stations must be but poorly filled.

I have often thought, however, that in our country parishes, a pastor might supply a considerable deficiency in a society's resources, by a moderate attention to the pleasing and natural pursuit of cultivating the earth. This would neither consume his intellectual energies, nor bring him into offensive competition with his friends. At the same time, it would invigorate his health for the endurance of mental application, and thus repair the wastes occasioned by the labors of the study. The principal obstacle to a course like this, is a false pride on the part of

congregations. The minister, in some instances, may share in this fastidiousness. Intelligent minds, however, are seldom tainted with this kind of prejudice; and many of the clergy are very fond of rural avocations. I have now in mind the pastor of a liberal country parish in Massachusetts, who has charge of a small, intelligent congregation, with a moderate salary. He is a graduate of Harvard University. And indulging a passion for agriculture, he lives in the enjoyment of competence, in an inviting home, upon twenty-five acres of land; and is now, I believe, on the seventeenth year of his pastoral settlement, having resisted invitations from larger societies, in larger places. Such instances will become more frequent among our clergy, when our societies shall have attained a taste for permanency, that will warrant a pastor in the purchase of a freehold, in the planting of trees, and the erection of a tenement, not "on wheels." I trust the time is not far distant, when some of our more eminent clergymen may dignify such an economy by their example, like our learned friend at Clinton, and our city-bred brother who is so comfortably ruralizing in New Jersey.

V. An Unchristian Ambition in both ministers and societies.

Societies are sometimes guilty of injustice, from this cause. A society has a pastor of respectable talents, but without the attraction of exterior grace. He has labored faithfully and acceptably, and overcome great difficulties. Under his judicious pilotage, they have erected a new house of worship, and their prospects begin to brighten. They now conclude that, if they had a minister of more popular gifts, they could take a higher position in the community, and attract new and more fashionable attendants. And while their brains are itching with this idea, they intimate to their old and faithful friend, who has just begun to congratulate himself upon his prospects of fruition, that though they respect him, yet they think a change of pastors, under their circumstances, would be expedient for the interests of the society. They are willing, for the sake of an experiment, to exchange a sound and worthy man for a showy one, whom they may, perhaps, neither respect nor love. This breaks his spirit, breaks up the connection, and sometimes so breaks up the unanimity and good feeling in the society, as to cripple its prosperity for years.

I have known instances like this, arising from the influence of vain and unchristian spirits in a congregation, who would sacrifice justice and good faith, to pride, and a wrong idea of respectability. It is a good maxim for societies, as well as individuals, to "let well-enough alone." There are some dead societies in our denomination, over whose remains might be appropriately inscribed the epitaph which a man in Italy directed to be placed upon his tomb, when he was about to die by the use of quack medicines: "I was well; but striving to be better, I am here."

There has been, for the last few years, a sad tendency in many congregations, to exalt external appearance, in the minister, over the more solid and indispensable qualities of intellectual and moral strength. This tendency seems to have grown up since the advent, among us, of a distinguished speaker who combines extraordinary elocutionary powers with great moral worth, and rich capacities of thought. Many who are charmed with the delivery, are incompetent to appreciate the composition, and the character of the man; and imagining that his enviable popularity and influence depend, exclusively, on his manner, they are ready to grasp at his most unintellectual and superficial imitator.

A capable and worthy pastor is sometimes sacrificed for a mere sciolistic declaimer, who possesses more lungs than brain, and produces more of foliage and blossom than of fruit. The result is like that upon the mind when we mistake for thunder, the rumbling of a cart upon the street. The sound, at first, awakens awe and admiration, because associated with the explosive powers of nature. But the moment we discover that it arises only from the contact of stone and iron, effected by the power of animal muscles, our emotions take a deep and irretrievable descent.

But, perhaps, instability in the pastoral connection oftener springs from a wrong ambition in the minister, than in the people. Ministers are prone to climb. I do not think there is so much aspiration, in the ministry, after an increase of compensation, as after higher position. There is an unholy pride of ministerial position, as connected with conspicuousness of location. There is a magic attraction in a city location, even though the salary, in proportion to the expense of living, may be less than in the country. Such a location has, indeed, some real advantages, such as opportunities for attending lectures by distinguished men, access to large libraries, and an extended circle of ministerial intercourse. It also has its disadvantages, in regard to health, in arduousness of labor, and the want of that inspiration which springs from a frequent communion with nature.

It seems to be an established rule with the ministry, that the pastor should always accept the opportunity of leaving a smaller for a larger sphere of usefulness. I think, however, there are many cases of exception, on the score of duty. A clergyman for instance, has acquired a strong influence in some humble location, and is doing great good there. He is invited to a more prominent station, where his sphere of labor and influence will be doubled. At first thought, it might seem that inclination and duty would fall together, in determining the choice in favor of a removal. But there is another consideration, in reference to the matter of duty. It is probable that there are others who might fill the new location as efficiently as he; but no stranger can make his place good in the parish he must vacate by his removal. And in this case, if his rational wants are answered where he is, he ought not to be drawn away by the attraction of professional prominence. The true pastor, in a case like this will have something of the feeling of the old sage who had always resided in his native place. On being asked what induced a man of his eminence to remain in so obscure a place, he answered, that it was because he feared, if he should leave the place, it would become still more insignificant.

We think an equitable rule in regard to ministerial removals may be stated on this wise: If the pastor has not the means of comfort and improvement for himself and family, without burdening his people, and there is a prospect of obtaining them by a change; or if the interests of religion, under his ministry, are retrograde, or stationary, and there is a probability of increasing his usefulness, let him remove. But if comfortable and useful, where he is, though not affluent in circumstances, nor eminent in position, let him remain.

And here allow me to observe, that ministerial eminence does not depend, so much as is generally supposed, upon location. I am aware that there is a false criterion, adopted with half the world, which estimates the abilities of a minister according to the population of the place where he resides.—This standard of valuation is often signally exhibited by societies and their committees, in selecting clergymen to preach at the meetings of Conventions and Associations. And the Councils that compose these bodies, in their appointments, often seem affected by this mania. But this is an unsealed measure of ministerial greatness, like the fathom of the extended arms, or the finger's length, so current among the ladies. And every man's amount of ministerial ability, must be determined, in the end, by the weights and balance of the public candor and discernment, in the community where he resides. No man can keep up a fictitious valuation of his powers, for a long period of time, and in the same pastoral field.

On the other hand, genuine abilities and moral value can not be long buried, even in the most obscure location. The diamond will sparkle, amid the sands, and the gold will shine out, even in the bed of iron ore. Some of the most eminent divines have spent their lives in obscure localities. The clergyman who enjoys the most extensive and durable reputation in our own denomination, the efforts of whose mind have done and are doing more than those of any other, to influence and mould our ministry, whom the unanimous suffrages of the order would place at the head of our contemplated theological institution, and on whom the most distinguished university in the land has conferred its honorary theological degree, has never filled nor sought a city location. He lives, contentedly, in an unimportant New England village, and on a moderate salary. And this should be a lesson to our clergy in regard to the connection between eminence and location.

But there is sometimes an ambition in the minister, not for a more commanding pastoral position, but for a broader field of intellectual effort than the ministry affords, either in the pastoral or itinerant department. Men sometimes deem their powers too capacious and diversified, to be restrained within the lines of ministerial life, and turn professors of problematical science in general, and pioneers in all real and imaginary reforms, civil, social and religious.

The prominent interest taken by many of our clergy, in the various secret associations for mutual relief, has evidently, to my observation, seriously impaired their influence in the ministry, and occasioned a loss of strength to our cause. True, they may multiply acquaintances by this means. But it is questionable whether the associations thus formed tend so much, on the whole, to make converts to religion, as to secularize the minister, divide his energies, and throw him in the background of the theological attainments.

The ministry requires the whole man. In order to success, it must be, at least, the ascendant idea. With some of our clergy, I fear, the ministry is not their first love. A minister is appointed on an ordaining or installing council. But he declines, because he has received a simultaneous appointment on a committee to revise the constitution of a lodge of Odd Fellows, and must

we this the preference. Another is appointed a delegate to a religious State or General Convention. But being also a delegate to the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, or to a convention of Rechabites, Free Masons, or Sons of Temperance, which meets at the same time, his seat is vacant in our ecclesiastical council. These are cases of frequent occurrence. Let the minister seek the kingdom of God. Or if he will give to these secular institutions his primary attention, and the cream of his mind, let him look to them for his support. The most they promise, a pittance in case of sickness, and to bury him when dead. Should he, for these considerations, to neglect the profession which supports him and his family, during years of health? I could quite as soon make my deposits for a rainy day, in the collections and obligations of a Christian congregation, formed under the influence of a genuine ministry, as in the funds of any of these covenant societies. I do not speak, however, against the mere act of membership in these institutions; but against that degree of engrossment in them, which exalts them above the ministry. And it is to be feared that promotion and notoriety are as often the leading motive, in such cases, as necessity or view of sickness.

The minister ought not to curtail his researches to the technicalities of sectarian theology. He should so extend them as to embrace a wide scope of general knowledge. Yet he can not become a practitioner in every branch of profession. He is not to be a practical chemist, phrenologist, mesmerist, electrician, physician, or politician; and at the same time fill, successfully, the pastoral office. If a minister has a constitutional reluctance to a narrow territory of labor, let him extend his area, as a missionary. But let him still expend the energies of his mind in the work of the ministry.

A distinguished revivalist, in the State of New York, recently advertised his residence for sale, stating, as his object, "to locate his family in Illinois, that he may be nearer the centre of the parish, which extends from the shores of the Atlantic to the mouth of the Oregon, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth." Some of our own brethren, with minds still more cautious, and a stronger yearning for ubiquity, have assumed the mystical, mental and spiritual exploration of the "Universal revolving Heavens!" This is a much broader field than that allotted to the early apostles, who were commissioned to go only to all this world, and preach the gospel to every human creature.

It would not seem to carp, in envy, at superior genius. But must still be allowed to doubt, whether the brightest lumina in this new constellation might not shed all its rays upon a single parish, on the surface of our own small planet, with more utility to man, and more in consonance with the natural order and evident design of Providence in their creation. And I am apprehensive that experience, the great practical teacher, will admonish them to turn back to the smaller and safer orbits in which they used to move. One of these good brethren has already so circumscribed his field of effort, as to come down to the supervision of a single planet, and is laboring to show that the earth is the common inheritance of mankind," instead of the surface being monopolized as private property. This is certainly a very benevolent, if not a very practicable labor. And would this prove unsuccessful, may we not hope that there will be a still closer narrowing of the field of vision, even down to the pastoral field?

It would deprecate any thing in the form of excommunication or anathema, which might seem to forbid such a return. I would disperse the motives of these brethren. I can not look upon them as conscious infidels; but rather as a school of modern aesthetes. There will be, in every generation, a class of minds, highly brilliant and aspiring, but not always the most enriched in learning, or matured by years, who imagine themselves to be outgrown all their predecessors and co-temporaries. They can conceive that they are anticipating the undiscovered truths which are to illuminate the future, when they are only repeating exploded errors that have darkened the past.

Sometimes this modern Gnosticism may assume the form of ultra materialism, and at others, of an ultra spiritualism. A disciple may be a Rationalist or a Transcendentalist, a Kneelite or a Davisonian. It is common to a certain sophomorean degree of intellectual ripeness; and will pass away with our "reener years," and the natural progress of the mind. It is, in short, a kind of intellectual measles, to which young minds are subject. But they will usually recover, and never be affected with the same disease again. Mild treatment is the more judicious. It were better perhaps, in general, to leave it to the course of nature, and let it have its run. Some of our faculty are administered prussic acid, which tends to aggravate the case. I hope that none of the cases to which I have alluded will prove fatal; but that, after having performed a sufficient quarantine in the clouds, they will land upon the earth, and be

contented to walk in the plain and narrow path of ministerial usefulness.

Thus I have labored to develop the causes of instability in our pastoral connections, as they have appeared to me, from my own limited experience and imperfect observation. There is one tendency in societies, at the present time, which might seem to promise a growing desire for permanency in the pastoral relation. I allude to the tendency which societies have recently shown, in several instances, to recall and resettle former pastors. This has been done, during the last few years, by several of our older and larger societies.

Pleasing as these reunions are, I can conceive of some difficulties connected with them, and liable to result in disappointments to both parties. Such reunions usually occur, only in cases where the first connection was peculiarly prosperous and pleasant. This success often arises from a peculiar adaptation of the preacher to the time and circumstances under which he labors. He may have been the first settled pastor of the society. He may have so moulded their religious character, as to assimilate them to his own modes of thought and feeling, impress them with his own opinions and measures, and attain an influence with them, that insures unanimity while it remains unbroken. But after a lapse of years, especially if several pastors have come in between the separation and reunion, these intervening influences may have created a diversity of taste and feeling, in the congregation; and the early congeniality between pastor and people, may be sadly marred. The people will now compare the pastor with his former self, and with his late substitutes. Both he and they may have changed by time. They both remember the happiness of their former connection, and contrast it with the present. The people say, that the pastor is not as he used to be; and the people do not seem as they used to, to the pastor. The prestige of a first attachment vanishes before the eye of a colder criticism. The golden cord of sympathy is broken, and the charm dissolved.

It requires considerable hopefulness to consent to a reunion of this kind. It is not safe to rely entirely on an old attachment, for its renewal and continuance. The influences which wove that bond of mutual endearment, must also be renewed. No pastor should accept a recall, unless he has confidence in the reasonableness and good judgment, as well as the attachment of his people. The mutual disappointments incident to these resettlements, call for mutual forbearance and principle, to chasten the enthusiasm that often attends them. With these precautions, and the requisite strength and resources in the pastor, I see not why a pastoral reunion may not be as agreeable, and profitable, and durable, as the first connection.

And, in conclusion, let me exhort the brethren, both of the clergy and laity, that we labor henceforth, with zeal and wisdom, to give more permanency, and consequently more efficiency, to the mutual relations of pastor and people, in our denomination. In the earlier stages of our cause, while it was not established in the minds and hearts of any considerable number of persons in the same locality, it was a matter of necessity that our preachers, like the early apostles of Christianity, should "have no certain dwelling-place." But these circumstances, in our commonwealth, and throughout New England and New York, have now passed away; and we have now reached the period when we cannot and ought not to prosper, without stability of character. Let us, then, labor to produce that state of the cause, that the Christian Minister, instead of having "no certain dwelling-place," may say, in confidence, "I dwell among mine own people."

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. XIV.

BUCKERBERG, SCHAUMBERG-LIPPE, }
GERMANY, JULY 11, 1848. }

On the day of our arrival there was quite a display at the palace. The young prince had been out on a target excursion, with a company belonging to a neighboring village, and had won the right to be king for one year, according to the rules of the sport. The riddled target was to be borne in becoming style to the mansion of the Fuerst, for the inspection of royal eyes. The company, in citizen's dress, preceded by a band, and accompanied by a retinue of men, women and children, of all ages; and, presently, bare heads, and foolish heads, entered the court in splendid disorder, and paraded in front of the

palace. The Prince and Princess, Erben-Prince, or honored shooter and his yrow, with two or three other ladies and gentlemen, appeared upon an old balcony, to receive them. Various maneuvers were awkwardly performed; wine and sandwiches distributed to the company, some faint cheers given, and all was order again. There was manifested none of that warmth of feeling, genuine enthusiasm, the language of the soul, which speaks the actual sentiment of the people. All seemed forced, reluctant, unnatural. The Prince and his son bowed enough—not so much as they will have to before many more suns have set—but they said nothing. They came down to the people, passed around, a minute or so, among them, but appeared as if afraid of them, toddling about, recognizing no one, and returned back into the mansion. I am told the Prince takes every opportunity to inquire about the opinions of all who come in his way. A gentleman, his tailor, told me yesterday he had just been to the palace, and the Prince told him he had the names of Mr. H. and Dr. (!) B., from New York, who were in the village. How he got them nobody knows. We had not given them to any body. H. was known, as his father went from this place, but he had introduced me as his *friend*, giving no name up to that time. They might have been taken from our valises, but how my *title of honor* (!) which I possess only by virtue of a voluntary bestowment on the part of my temperance friends in New York, should have preceded us into the abodes of royalty, we could not divine. But so it was. We instructed the tailor to inform the Prince, if he wished to know it, that we were plain republican sovereigns, from America, who believed the blood in our veins as good as any other; that princes we esteemed according to the *good they did*, and not according to the accidental circumstances of their birth; that, in this respect, we pitied them, in view of the dark future before them, but that, as the freedom of speech and of the press was now enjoyed by the people, he might depend that no overt act would be committed by us while sojourning in his little, narrow dominions. We saw him next day in his boat, and he dropped his oar, lifted his cap and bowed to us politely.

Sunday we attended the Lutheran church, a massive building, erected in 1613, by Ernst the First, whose name is read in gilt letters, from the Latin inscription across the front: "EXEMPLUM RELIGIONIS NON STRUCTURÆ." The interior is very awkwardly fitted up with pews, of irregular form and unequal size. The singing by boys, for a choir, but the whole congregation joining, was excellent, accompanied by a large and well-played organ. The preaching was very loud and spirited, in appearance. Further I could not judge. Of one thing I became satisfied, that the German language does not equal the English for smooth or impassioned oratory. It is too guttural. In the afternoon we were invited to a walk by some prominent gentlemen, one with whom we tarried being an officer in the church. We passed over a hill through a beautiful wood, laid out into walks, to the village of Eibsen, a bathing place of considerable celebrity, on account of the strong sulphur water which abounds here. Several large establishments are fitted up for boarders, and a very large building with deep stone baths—hot, cold and mud baths—all the property of the Fuerst. Here were gathered hundreds of people; a small portion of them boarders; most of them from the neighboring villages. Tables and chairs were arranged all about in shady places, and a band of music played various airs in a building fitted for their use. People were partaking of refreshments of various kinds, cake, coffee, tea and wine, the latter the most common. We were astonished to see such a gathering, in such a place, on Sunday, and my own conscience troubled me not a little; but, as is common enough, I managed to quiet it, when I saw *three* clergymen, two from Buckerberg and the other from the neighborhood, all *evangelical*, sitting at cake and wine, as happy as the rest. I should say,

one did not drink wine, or I did not see him. With one I had some conversation, and expressed to him my surprise at witnessing such a scene on Sunday. He seemed to think it all right enough, though aware that such things were not generally tolerated in England or America. He is a "Reformer," (Presbyterian), a preacher to the Prince. He had no sympathy with the Liberalists. I ought to remark that the preacher who refused the wine is associate in the Lutheran church, and his senior was preaching at the very time he was waiting over to the place of amusement.

If the reader has reflected upon the above, and felt as I did, a *sort of allowance* querying whether it was better or worse for these preachers to be out here looking after the stray of their flocks amid temptations, and conforming "to this world," just enough not to appear singular, what will they think when I tell them that I saw here, in full and constant operation, a gaming machine called a "roulette," with crowds of both men and women pressing around it! I never saw one before, and curiosity prompted me to look at it. While doing so for five or ten minutes, many dollars changed hands, how and why I could not understand. I saw women, well dressed and, I was told, respectable young women, lay down money, some take up and some lose. It is said thousands of dollars change hands here every Sunday, more on that day than every other during the week. A law exists which prohibits the inhabitants of Buckerberg from gaming at this table, but is evaded by passing the money through the hands of some other persons, enough of whom, Jews from Hesse, which borders within a mile, so, are always in waiting willing to take the trouble for a small commission.

Nor is this all. A few rods off there was another building in which there was music and dancing. Fourteen couples we saw on the floor at once waltzing around the room in gay and lively style. These were mostly peasants, dressed in, what appeared to us, queer and fantastic style. The men, generally, had on broad-brimmed round-crowned, black hats, with long straight coats, and for all the world, looked like shaking quakers. No wonder they danced on Sunday—they looked just like it. The women wore red skirts, black or dark short waisted wide white ruffles, large glass beads, and gay cravats about the neck, with the oddest imaginable head-dresses not excepting Friesland women, seen in Amsterdam and other parts of Holland. It consists of a night cap made of every color, from black to white or mixed, generally with a red angular piece in the centre. This is fitted upon the crown and back of the head. A frontlet curiously wrought on dark cloth, with bands of varying colors bespangling the central portion, is cut in narrow curves so as to leave a small point coming down in the forehead, half way to the eyebrows. Between this and the cap a narrow portion of the hair is seen, the only part of the head visible. The room was crowded with this grotesque assemblage, except the portion occupied by the dancers. The sun had browned their faces, so as to destroy the natural complexion, for these women work in the fields with bare heads. Multitudes of them hired out at one thaler (66 cts) a month, to labor in the fields. Sunday is their only day for social intercourse, and many of them are capable of no higher enjoyment than the excitement of the ball-room. They are not tolerated in the company of even the middling classes, and have no means above a few pennings, to purchase any kind of enjoyment; and hence, as fiddling on Sunday is cheaper than cake and wine, they seek its excitement, while clergymen and the *better* (?) classes have more *rational* and *moral* entertainment. Before leaving, after four hours' stay, we stepped in again, and the roulette was still busy as ever, with crowds still around it. We saw several very well-dressed and really good-looking ladies, waiting outside, to whom a hard-faced, Shylock-looking Jew came several times from the table, sometimes with and sometimes without money.

of the customs and fashions of this people I have not now to write; nor of the country, its institutions, tottering to their ruin; of the revolutionary spirit which prevails here; of the mischievous distinctions and passions which are the curse of all classes; of the acquired toil of the poor, and the sinful indolence of the nobles? No, we have no word to express the Italian *Lazzaroni* sounds some like it. Well, the "hangers-on." No, that isn't it, for these products, and, in some respects, are, ahead of the products of the people. What shall we call them? Ah, we have it—the drones which remain in the hive after the bee swarm have gone out to their work. They do nothing but eat the honey, others collect it. There is no way to get rid of them but to 'sting them' out of creation. Of these and many other things I have "made a record" and stowed it away for future reference. W. S. B. BREMEN, July 14.—After seven hours of the best kind of Rail-Road riding we arrived here, just in time to miss the chance of seeing the Hermann, which lies to within 40 miles of this place, and holds communication with it, by a small steamer, twice a day. The letters will go at 9 to-night.

MINUTES.

Proceedings of the Otsego Missionary and Tract Association of Universalists.

According to appointment in Laroyville, August 14th.

John Derthick of Richfield, was chosen Moderator. Br. D. C. Tomlinson, Clerk.

J. A. Bartlett introduced the following Constitution, which after some few amendments was adopted.

CONSTITUTION

OF THE OTSEGO MISSIONARY AND TRACT ASSOCIATION.

Undersigned, believing that without the religion of there is no peace on earth, or good will among men, banding ourselves together as brethren, hope to do something to forward the progress of the glorious Gospel of destruction of sin and error, and the establishment of peace in the hearts of the sons and daughters of humanity. We therefore adopt the following as rules to govern us in our associative capacity.

1. This society shall be called the Otsego Missionary and Tract Association of Universalists.

2. The object of this Association shall be the promulgation of the great truths of the Paternity of God, the brotherhood of man, and the final regeneration of the race.

3. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Board of Managers.

4. The duties of the officers shall be the same as generally performed by the same class of officers in similar associations.

5. The officers shall be chosen annually, at a regular meeting of this body, on the fourth Wednesday and Friday of August.

6. The male members shall pay one dollar and the female members 50 cents, at the annual meeting, except they become life members by paying the same.

7. The Association shall employ through its Managers a preacher to travel in the limits of the Otsego Association, as much of the time as the funds will allow, and shall preach in such places, and distribute such tracts and books, as the Association shall direct.

8. Any individual is requested to deposit as a pledge in the hands of the Managers, any book, papers, or other articles, containing our sentiments, for the purpose of securing them.

9. Every person admitted as a member of this Association must sustain a good moral character.

Art. 10. This Constitution can be amended by a majority vote at any regular meeting.

Art. 11. The members shall use their influence to establish auxiliary societies in the town where they reside.

Art. 12. The individuals composing this society are required to live as the spirit of the Gospel dictates, and labor without ceasing to spread the Gospel of Christ in the earth.

Adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock, A. M., Thursday.

Met according to adjournment. The Moderator appointed a committee to nominate officers and managers of the Association. The committee reported the following:

J. A. BARTLETT, President.

ERI DEMMING, V. President.

D. C. TOMLINSON, Secretary.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Treasurer.

Lester Taylor,

Col. John Derthick,

N. Stevenson,

L. N. Caswell,

B. Pirce,

R. Randall,

H. Cory,

H. L. Easton,

Managers.

Received and adopted the report of the committee.

Voted, That Br. D. C. Tomlinson prepare the minutes for publication.

D. C. TOMLINSON, CLERK.

REMARKS.—Sermons were preached on the occasion by Br. J. H. Harter, J. S. Palmer, P. Philleo, J. A. Bartlett, D. C. Tomlinson, and T. J. Whitcomb. The meeting was interesting and appeared to breathe a good spirit. It was deeply regretted that there were not more in attendance. The missionary enterprise elicited a good degree of interest. No one can question the propriety and importance of sustaining a missionary in the Otsego Association of Universalists. Therefore let the Universalists of the Otsego Association demonstrate their interest by sending out a faithful minister of the Gospel to labor in sections where the "Gospel of Peace" has seldom if ever sounded.

Let this work be accomplished, and the period will not be far distant, when the blind will see—the deaf will hear—the dumb will shout the praises of the Lord.

This work can be accomplished; and who will stand idle and fold their arms while thousands are now calling for aid and illumination? The work has commenced, and let it go on to complete victory, over sin, error and opposition.

D. C. T.

GEMS FROM THE MINE OF KINDNESS.

Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds and precious stones, as you passed along the streets? It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost—of which none can deprive you.—Speak to that orphan child. See the diamonds drop from her cheek. Take the hand of that friendless boy. Bright pearls flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected. A joy suffuses his cheek, more brilliant than the splendor of precious stones.

A quarter of a century ago, Lowell Mass., was not known. It was then almost uninhabited. Now, it contains 35,000 inhabitants, 47 cotton and woollen mills, 11 1-2 millions of incorporated capital, 260,000 spindles, and 8,000 looms. There are from 10,000 to 15,000 girls employed in the mills. On every side new buildings are being erected, and improvement

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York :

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848.

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FRUITS OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Such was the test proposed by the great Teacher sent from God, and we know of no better method by which to judge of the merits of any system, claiming to be founded upon divine revelation, than to look at its practical results. If these are manifestly bad, we need not hesitate in forming our judgment as to the merits of the system by which they are produced. "Like begets like," is the universal law of nature, and the same rule holds in the moral and spiritual, that governs in the natural world, in this respect. Great care and caution, however, are requisite in the application of this rule, lest, through prejudice, we should be led to exaggerate, or to put a wrong or uncharitable construction upon the acts or motives of others. In such a case the testimony of the friends of any system is regarded as peculiarly valuable, especially when it bears against themselves, because they can have no motive to exaggerate or misrepresent the facts. It is for this reason that we prefer to copy the following from the "New York Observer," the Presbyterian paper of this city, to giving statements that might be denied from any other source, as to the awful and pernicious tendency of the errors embraced in partialist theology.

The "Observer" certainly can have no motive to misrepresent. Let its statements, then, have due weight with all candid and serious minds. Reader, ponder well the following statements, and then ask yourself the question, can a system that produces such fruits be of God?

CHURCHES IN RUINS.

In traveling through a portion of New York that formerly stood high for its Christian zeal and gospel privileges, I stopped one day in a town that had once contained about the largest and most flourishing church in the county. But now the church bell had ceased its chimes. The preacher no longer proclaimed the "glad news" to sinners. A large and commodious meeting-house—a monument of better days—was closed, and time was crumbling it to the dust. I asked the cause of these things, and was told that their last minister, who had preached for a number of years, had finally sued them for his back salary, and after a long, tedious, and bitter lawsuit, had recovered the church property, got possession of the meeting-house, which he had shut up, and was himself in the place practising law. The curse of God was evidently resting upon the place. False doctrines, wickedness and infidelity were exalting themselves, and the life-giving influence of the Spirit of God had long been absent.

I passed on to another town some ten miles distant, in an adjoining county. But the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience" was evidently here. Here had been a church celebrated for its numbers and good works; some trifling cause had rent the church asunder; another meeting-house was built, and another church was formed. Lawsuit followed lawsuit; slander, backbiting and angry feelings raged to such an extent, that it separated families and made enemies of near friends. More than \$2,000 has already been spent in lawsuits, and the bitter contention still goes on. Preaching in both churches is still kept up, but it is evidently more from a spirit of rivalry than from a spirit of Christian love. Many of the Sabbath schools that had been kept up in the town had stopped, and those at the churches were languishing. Poverty and want of time were excuses offered for not attending better to the souls of their children, though they had time to attend to lawsuits, and talk over their quarrels, and money enough to carry them on. To such an extent were they embittered against each other, that the prominent members of one church had attempted to get the prominent members of the other indicted for perjury before the last grand jury. For a number of years the

spirit of truth and peace had seemed to have taken its departure. The curse of the prophet seemed to be an apt emblem to represent the anger, malice, revenge, slander and envy that existed here. "But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it, and he shall stretch out upon it the lime of confusion and the stones of emptiness. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be a habitation of dragons and a court of owls."

Some ten miles from this I visited another church, on a large, but of late years, for some reason, so lessened in numbers, that preaching is only supported by the help of the Home Missionary Society. In another church, some thirteen miles further on, the same unhappy state of things exists as in the church first mentioned. Their late minister has left the pulpit for the school room, and is in contention with his people about his back salary. I might continue the description of other places where the state of things, though not so bad as in some of the above, is yet sufficient to make us fear that He who keeps the same sleepless watch over his churches as he did over the seven churches of Asia, will leave very many of them to follow the same evil ways, till they have brought upon themselves and those around them the desolating judgments of Heaven.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Truth is of God. He is its author, its guardian, and its support. It has its foundation in him, is interwoven with all the principles of his government, and has all the sanctions of his name, and the energy of his presence and power. Error has its origin in diseased minds, is based upon shallow fallacies, lives by deception, and triumphs by fraud and injustice. There is no wise, powerful, and authoritative being to guard, uphold and defend it.

Nor is this all. Truth is a real good. He that obtains it has an actual blessing, one that enlarges and exalts his soul, renders him great and good and happy. Error, on the contrary, is only a fancied good. He that obtains it has an actual curse, one that dwarfs and debases his soul, and renders him mean and wretched and wicked.

And this is not all. Truth is in harmony with the whole physical world. He that has it, lives in obedience to all natural laws, and finds them ever ministering to his health, safety, prosperity and happiness. On the other hand, error is at variance with the whole material world. He that obeys it, finds all natural laws working against his health, his prosperity, and his happiness. These considerations, it would seem, are sufficient to show that truth must ultimately be victorious, and its dominion universal, while error must be defeated, and its kingdom be utterly destroyed.

O. A. F.

ANOTHER PUBLIC DEBATE.

We learn that a public oral discussion took place at Knoxville, Tioga Co. Pa., between a Mr. Goodwin, (orthodox) teacher of the Academy in that place, and Rev. W. Bullard, Universalist. The debate commenced on the 28th of August, and continued three days in succession. Our correspondent says that our friends in that region are much pleased with the result, while quite a number of partialists, as has already been ascertained, have become convinced that the doctrine of eternal misery cannot be supported by the Bible. Our orthodox friends had great confidence in the ability of Mr. Goodwin, to sustain himself in argument. The result has been highly favorable to the cause of God and humanity. Such must always be the case where men come together to discuss the matter in a free spirit, and the people come to listen divested of prejudice, with a sincere desire to understand and embrace the truth.

NORWICH, CONN.

Br. E. W. Reynolds has received and accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in Norwich, Connecticut, and will commence his labors on the 1st of October.

GOD PLEDGED FOR THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

God is pledged for the ultimate triumph of truth. The Bible assures us, not only that he is its Friend and Guardian, but that he is pledged for its universal victory. He is pledged to his Son, and he is pledged to the world.

What are all the promises to Christ but so many pledges? God has promised that all nations shall be his inheritance; that all hearts shall bow in humble submission to him; that he shall conquer the last foe in his realm, and that his pleasure shall prosper in his hand. If these promises have any meaning, it is, that every mind shall be delivered from the darkness and thralldom of error, and brought into the light, liberty and joy of truth.

The same pledge is made to mankind. The very act of giving them an existence was such a pledge, for to give them an existence was to obligate himself so to guard and defend them, that their existence should prove a blessing. In consistency with this, he has promised that he will perfect that which concerns them, that he will make them all immortal in his eternal kingdom on high. And that they might have no feeling of distrust in regard to the result, he has declared, that it was his unalterable purpose in creating man, to make him happy; and he has sworn by his immutable nature and his infinite power, that his purpose shall be accomplished.

Such are the pledges God has given. You will remember that these are not the pledges of a fickle man, of a weak ignorant man; but they are pledges of God who changes not, of God who sees the end from the beginning, of God to whom all nations are as the small dust in the balance, whose power is almighty, and whose word can blast every error, and fill every mind with the light and joy of truth. What purpose of God has ever been defeated? What counsel of his has ever failed? That promise of his has ever been disregarded? If then the pledges of God are to be relied upon, we may confide in the triumph of truth.

O. A. S.

THE OPPOSERS OF UNIVERSALISM.

There are four classes of people who have a special hostility to Universalism; First. Those who wish to keep up a wide distinction between the rich and the poor. Second. Those who wish for a religion that will enable them to be Christians without being kind and generous. Third. Those who are naturally headstrong and cruel, and to whom revenge is sweet; and, fourth. Those who are abandoned to sensuality.

We are accustomed to speak of profaneness, and intemperance, and sensuality as though they were the only sins, and the only causes of hatred to God. But there are other sins and other causes of hatred to God. A desire to be above your neighbor, to be thought better of than your neighbor—a refusal to help your neighbor or a want of regard for his condition, his feelings, and his interests, is a sin, and in the eye of God a most heinous one. And it is such sin that keeps people from the truth, as well as the other kinds of sin—grosser sin. I know it is so. I have known the most violent sectarian entirely changed, simply by being enlisted in some work of reform—some plan of benevolence. When his heart began to feel for man, when the fountain of his sympathy was unsealed, his hatred of our religion began to die away. I challenge you to find a true philanthropist, one really engaged in doing good for man, a man who has a heart, to say a word against our leading doctrines.

Do not dwell upon this fact. This is an age of great schemes of benevolence, when men are asking how they can help the unfortunate. These schemes are broad, they transcend all the old boundaries of sects, and stretch off as far as human beings have trodden the earth. A noble company is engaged in these schemes; they have come from all the sectarian inclosures of

the land, and no matter how passively they have worn their shackles, how blind has been their attachment to old creeds, and how violently they have assailed our views, they cannot labor long in the field of benevolence, before they begin to sympathize with our great idea.

O. A. S.

THE END OF THE EVANGELISTS.

The following, which recently appeared in the Puritan, the leading Orthodox Journal of New England, as the editor of that paper well observes, "is full of instruction." Upon reading it the thought struck us, what gross impiety it is to call such men Evangelists, and their labors Evangelical. Yet the time is not long past since, to question either, would, in the estimation of those who now denounce them, have been considered quite presumptuous. Since, however, the Puritan has ventured to speak out so plainly in regard to the men and their measures, we suppose that we may be allowed to express our thoughts on the same side of the question, without being accounted the enemies of all religion. If such has been the effect of the revival preaching of these very evangelical laborers, upon the preachers themselves, what must it have been upon their dupes? We doubt if an investigation would show any wide departure from the truth of the ancient maxim, "like people, like priests." Time has fully vindicated the wisdom and sagacity of Dr. Beecher, in comparing those popular exhortations, miscalled revivals of religion, to "Whirlwinds of moral desolation." But to the extract.

END OF THE EVANGELISTS.

The word *evangelist*, a few years ago, acquired a technical sense, in application to a sort of laborers employed in connexion with protracted meetings, and a peculiar form of revival measures. They most abounded in the Presbyterian Church in Western New-York. In Hotchkiss's History of Western New-York we have the history of some of them by name. And it is remarkable, that so many of them so soon lost their standing in that church. The first, and leader of them, was Rev. C. G. Finney. He soon adopted sentiments that were incompatible with his standing, and went out upon a platform of his own. Rev. Jedediah Burchard was hardly second to Mr. Finney in fame and success; but he soon exhausted his power and fame, and the historian says of him—"As far as the author's information extends, it is his belief, that few of the pastors of churches in Western New York where Mr. Burchard conducted protracted meetings, would desire a repetition of his labors. Another of this class was Rev. James Boyle; he has since been deposed from the ministry and excommunicated from the church. Rev. Augustus Littlejohn was another who acquired no little fame; he too was deposed and excommunicated for immoralities. Rev. Luther Myrick also operated perhaps as extensively as any other; but he was denounced by Presbyteries, and arraigned for discipline. He then took the name of "Unionist," and labored extensively to promote disunion in the churches.

These facts, taken together, are remarkable, and full of instruction.

VERMONT STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

This body held its last annual session at St. Johnsbury on the 22d ult. Several important measures were adopted. Among these we notice that the council resolved, with great unanimity, as follows:

Resolved, That this Convention cannot give its fellowship or approval to any man as a minister of Christ, or acknowledge him as a preacher of the Gospel, who does not believe in the Christian Scriptures, as containing an authoritative and sufficient rule of faith and practice, and in the New Testament account of the teachings, miracles, life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Measures were also taken to establish a missionary organization within the limits of that State.

Adjourned to meet in Cavendish the fourth Wednesday and Thursday in August, 1849.

ABSTRACT OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

This body met in Hudson, Sept. 6, 1848, and organized by appointing Br. D. M. Moore Moderator, and L. G. Gurnsey Clerk.

Elected the following Committees for the ensuing year:

On Fellowship and Ordination, Brs. Waggoner, Collins, and S. Van Schaack.

On Discipline, Brs. R. McKinstry, Hudson; S. Van Schaack, Albany, and H. Seely, Troy.

On Missionary Enterprise, Brs. Collins, W. H. Chace, and W. H. Clark, of Hudson; and Brs. Waggoner and Josiah Power, Troy, and S. Van Schaack, Albany.

Appointed Br. G. Collins to preach the next Occasional Sermon.

Appointed Delegates to State Convention—Brs. Aspinwall and Waggoner, clerical, and S. Van Schaack and Wm. H. Chase, lay.

Selected Greenfield as the next place of meeting of this Association.

Appointed Conference at Duaneburgh, at such time as the Society in that place may wish. Also, empowered the Standing Clerk to appoint Conferences at his pleasure.

Application from Society recently formed in Stockport, Columbia Co., for the Fellowship of this Association. *Granted.*

Recommendation of State Convention, in relation to test of religious faith, was referred to Committee on Fellowship, who reported as follows:

Whereas, The New York State Convention, at its last session, recommended that the various Associations in its fellowship should establish some rule, requiring that, hereafter, no person should receive or retain its fellowship, unless he has subscribed the same and lodged it with the Standing Clerk; Therefore,

Resolved, That the following rule, suggested by the Convention, be the rule of this Association, to be subscribed by all ministers who wish to receive and hold its fellowship, viz: I believe the Bible contains a special revelation from God, sufficient both for Christian faith and practice, and I will faithfully preach its doctrines and inculcate its precepts.

After some debate it was carried unanimously.

Approved the act of the Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, in granting a letter of Fellowship to Br. Corliss.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to the brethren and sisters of Hudson, for their hospitality, so liberally extended to the members of the Association present.

Resolved, That the Clerk prepare the minutes of this Association for the Ambassador & Christian Messenger, and Magazine & Advocate, for publication.

D. M. MOORE, Moderator.

L. G. GURNSEY, Clerk.

PREACHERS PRESENT.—O. A. Skinner, W. H. Waggoner, D. C. Tomlinson, G. Collins, S. C. Bulkeley, O. Roberts and G. T. Corliss.

REV. T. CLAPP IN CINCINNATI.

We find in a late number of the Star in the West, an account of the visit of this distinguished divine to Cincinnati, and of his peaching in the Universalist Church in that place. An immense congregation attended, to whom the services gave great satisfaction. It seems that, though claiming to be an independent preacher, Dr. Clapp has no fellowship with the notion that "if Universalism is true, it had better not be preached," but having embraced the truth in the love of it, he does not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. It would afford us unspeakable satisfaction to welcome him to this region, and

we are not without hope that at no distant day he may be induced to visit this section, and lift up his voice in our midst.—Should it suit his convenience or inclination to do so at any time, we can assure him a most cordial reception from many warm and sympathizing hearts. The following is the account referred to:

"Mr. Clapp, the popular divine of New Orleans, delivered a very eloquent and powerful discourse in the Universalist Church of this city last Sunday morning. Before the hour of service the house was crowded in every part, and hundreds came and went away unable to obtain entrance. His theme was the hope of the Christian, founded upon the words, "In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." He made a clear exposition of his subject, and presented it in that beautiful and fascinating light which riveted the attention of every hearer. In the course of his remarks he made the most distinct avowals of his unshaken faith in the doctrine of the salvation of all men, and set it forth as the crowning excellency of the Gospel. He affirmed under one head that the Gospel is peculiarly adapted to the wants of the family circle; that without it no family can be at rest, and enjoy permanent peace, seeing that the members thereof are liable to be torn from each other at any moment; but he at the same time insisted that our views of the Gospel are essential to produce the desired result there. He proclaimed with an emphasis that all who heard him will be likely to remember, that if there were no other recommendation of the doctrine of free grace than the one, that it reunites and restores all the members of a family in heaven, that alone would outweigh all objections raised against it. No other scheme admits that father, mother, brothers, sisters and parents will all meet beyond the shores of time; and what would heaven be worth to the remnant saved, if the larger portion were irrecoverably lost? On this subject orthodox theology is painful and horrible beyond description; and it never can fill the family circle with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Mr. Clapp is a man who feels what he speaks. His benevolence is large, and his charities unbounded. His affectionate and tender appeals, and his truthful descriptions of the power and efficiency of a pure Christianity to cheer the desponding, comfort the mourning, reform the wayward, and bring the sinner to God, melted the hearts of his hearers, and caused tears of joy to flow freely down their cheeks.

He has preached in New Orleans twenty-nine years; and at the present time his congregation is larger and more influential than any Protestant assembly in the city. He went there while yet a youth; and in seasons when the yellow fever has raged the worst, he has stood his ground and labored diligently in relieving the sick, and administering to their temporal as well as spiritual wants. No man stands higher in the esteem of the citizens generally in New Orleans, than Mr. Clapp.—He went there a Presbyterian clergyman, but he is now a zealous, warm-hearted, eloquent and very able defender of the faith of the salvation of all. It seems to be his meat and drink to preach it to his dying fellow-men. He is too benevolent, has too kind a nature, and too noble a mind to assent to the narrow creed of Partialism.

We regret to say that his health is not good. He was forced to go to Europe last year to save his life; and the present season he has spent at the North, with a view to recruit his declining health. May God spare him many long years, that he may proclaim far and near the unsearchable riches of Christ. He has already done a noble work for the cause of Christian truth; and his long residence and great success in New Orleans, as a minister, show that he is a man not only great in intellect, but great in goodness.

REMOVALS.

Br. E. W. Reynolds having removed to Norwich, Conn. desires to be addressed accordingly. Denominational papers please copy.

Br. Asa Spalding has received and accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in Milford, Mass.

Br. W. B. Chamberlain, of Dighton Mass., has resigned his office as pastor of the Universalist Society in that town, and will remove to Virginia.

The English Wesleyan Methodists are said to have decreased nearly 3,000 in number during the last year.

DEATH OF BR. LONG.

DIED in Troy, Pa., July 20th, EZRA LONG, aged 65 years, 8 months and 26 days. The deceased was one of the first settlers of Troy, having removed here from New England, at a very early day. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind, accompanied with an ardent temperament which enabled him to accomplish whatever he undertook. When quite a young man, he engaged as a school teacher, which calling he pursued for several years. One of the most distinguished men in our denomination, both as a writer and a scholar, received from him the first rudiments of education. I refer to Rev. Hosea Ballou 2d, D. D. Br. Long was nurtured and brought up in the school of partialism; but his warm and benevolent soul could not be satisfied with its teachings, for he found, by sad experience, that the more he contemplated upon the horrors of his faith, (and what benevolent soul, believing this doctrine, can help reflecting on the awful prospects which it presents at the termination of his mortal state,) the more miserable he was. It destroyed all of his happiness and peace; which were not restored to him until he was born into the kingdom of universal love and peace, where he remained till the day of his death, a firm and unwavering believer in the final emancipation of all created intelligences from sin and death to holiness and immortal felicity in the paradise of God. The Bible was his constant companion, and with its sacred contents he was very familiar, which enabled him to defend in a very capable manner its doctrines of redeeming love. He frequently discoursed in public, especially on funeral occasions; and in 1833, he applied to and received from the Chenango Association of Universalists, a letter of fellowship, which he retained for several years; but finding that his secular affairs interfered too much with his profession, he returned his letter, and withdrew from the ministry. No man was more ardently attached to the cause of Universalism than he; and but few have done more for its support, especially in a pecuniary point of view. He was not only ready and willing to contribute for the support of a gospel ministry, but he was always, when well, at the house of worship himself. For three years the writer had labored in the vicinity where the deceased lived and died, and he almost always found him at meeting, riding sometimes from 6 to 12 miles to attend. What an example this for some, who profess the same faith, but never go to meeting, unless perchance one is to be held near by. Naturally of a warm and charitable spirit, the doctrine he professed watered and caused to expand his truly benevolent heart. From his door the poor never went away unfed and unclothed. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand for the furtherance of any movement which was designed to benefit the public. He did not live for himself alone. As an illustration of his views and feelings and doings, I will refer to one circumstance. Some few years ago, he erected, at his own expense, a bridge across a stream, near his dwelling, upon which he placed a marble slab with these words of holy writ engraven on it: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man liveth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died and rose and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living," Rom. iv. 7-9. The sickness (affection of the lungs) which brought the deceased to the grave was long and painful, but he bore it remarkably well; and as his earthly pilgrimage drew to a close, his faith grew stronger and brighter. A few days before he died, he requested his wife to read the Bible to him, and he would quote passage after passage of the "exceeding great and precious promises contained therein." When he found that his sickness would prove fatal, and that he could tarry but a short time, he was anxious

to die; but said he would "wait with patience all of his appointed time." His burial took place the day following his death, and the writer, in accordance with the wishes and special request of the deceased, administered to his surviving relations and friends the consolations of the gospel, from his favorite text, Rom. xiv. 7-9. He has left a wife, and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. But may Heaven help them to realize that their loss is his gain. May the same pure and elevating faith which dwelt in the heart, and sustained this departed friend in the hour of death, dwell in their minds and enable them to submit to this and all the dispensations of an all-wise and ever kind Providence, with that resignation which becomes the true Christian. May they copy the deceased in all his deeds of charity and benevolence; and especially in his untiring zeal for the promotion of that best of all causes, the gospel of a world's salvation. May peace and prosperity attend them through life, and when to them its journey is drawing to a close, may they look back upon a life well spent, and with faith forward to a sinless clime where all is joy and peace, and where they shall not only meet their departed friend, but the great family of men redeemed from sin, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and presented to God without spot or wrinkle, to sing the song of redeeming love, through a never-ending eternity.

H. E. WHITING.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 30th, 1848.

BR. SKINNER:—I will send you a few odds and ends of some incidents, which have transpired among the friends of universal grace in this prolific region, which are at your disposal.—The first annual State Convention of Universalists, was held in Indianapolis the 25th, 26th and 27th of August. We had a very good delegation, who came from the east and the west, the north and the south, to sit in sweet council. Occasional sermon by Br. Foster. Harmony prevailed throughout our deliberations. A brighter day for "our most holy faith" has dawned on this State. The Bible—the whole Bible—not a mutilated one, as some men feel disposed to make it, is the corner stone upon which we rest our blessed edifice.

Our zealous and faithful Br. Chaplin was set apart to the work of the gospel ministry by ordination, on Sabbath afternoon.

Ordination prayer by Br. Wait.

Charge, by Br. Foster, and the right hand of fellowship, by Br. Craven.

I look forward to our newly ordained Br. to be one of the most efficient advocates of truth we have in the West. He possesses industry and character. Would that the ministry of this State were blessed with a score more of such laborers; then we would be justified in looking forward to the period, when the scepticism which has hypocritically assumed the hallowed name of Universalism, as well as gaunt partialism, would soon be driven from the land.

Arrangements have been made to send a delegate or two from this State to the United States Convention, to ask their fellowship. Brs. Wait of Ohio, and Dr. Chamberlain, of Kentucky, were with us, to aid the lovers of "pure and undefiled religion" in all laudable means for a further extension of our happy Zion. I see by my last Messenger, you labor under a mistake as to the residence of Dr. Chamberlain. He resides in Kentucky, instead of Ohio.

Considering all the obstacles which the word of reconciliation has had to encounter in this State, and the greatest has been with those who professed to be its friends, which was as a mill-stone about its neck, the truth has been gaining in in-

fluence over the hearts of the people as rapidly as the most sanguine could expect.

I rejoice to have it in my power to say, that the friends in this place have secured a very eligible lot, and that they intend to erect a church this fall on it, if possible. If we succeed in doing it, we may safely conclude, that Universalism is firmly established in this place. I hope in my next to be able to inform you of the dedication of the church. No effort shall be spared on my part to have it done, and that without imitating the opposing friends who are known to resort to most unjustifiable means in order for the erection of some of their churches.

ALPHEUS BULL.

DR. CLAPP DEFENDED BY THE SECULAR PRESS.

It is truly gratifying to witness the liberal and independent stand, taken by the secular papers at the South, on the side of liberal principles in religion. The following articles taken from two of the most popular and widely circulated journals will serve to show the feeling that is entertained generally, in regard to the controversy between Dr. Clapp and his opposers.

SMALL POTATOES.—The *N. O. Presbyterian*, published in this city, contains a table of the churches in New Orleans, with the names of their pastors, time of service, &c., in which the Congregational church on St. Charles street, the oldest Protestant church in the city, is placed among the non-evangelical churches, and the name of its eminent and eloquent pastor, Rev. Theo. Clapp, is omitted. This, we think, is about equal to playing the tragedy of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted.—*N. Orleans Delta*.

A part from the *Phariseism* of the above classification of churches, in New Orleans, into evangelical and non-evangelical, there is manifestly a "popular error" in the same, which ought to be corrected. The word *evangelical* is the adjective from two Greek words—the adverb *eu*, signifying *good*, and the noun *AGGELIA*, signifying *message* or *news*—consequently an *Evangelist* is a preacher of "good news" or "glad tidings," and *evangelical* denominations are those who believe and preach intelligence of a joyful character. In the light of this definition, for the truth of which we pledge ourselves, how is it that those who preach *endless wrath* in "*fiery billows*," arrogate to themselves the cognomen of "*EVANGELICAL*," *par excellence*, and stigmatize the preachers of "glad tidings to all people," as "*non EVANGELICAL*!" Such a confusion of language was never known since the day when the tower of Babel was in building!"—*Muscogee Democrat*.

If the editor of the *Democrat* will read the article, headed 'End of the Evangelists,' which we copy from the 'Puritan,' and which may be found in another column, he will perceive that the term *evangelical* has in these latter days acquired a new signification, that bears but slight relation to the original. Dr. C., we think, has small reason to regret being left out of such company.

UNIVERSALISM NOT OF GOD.

We do not like to pollute our columns by the name of the author of the above named shamefully wicked work. But the following incident may be of use. We copy from the *Magazine and Advocate*:

This brings to my mind another little incident concerning this book. It transpired in an auction store in Cincinnati, at one of the annual trade sales of books. The persons present were the holders of the books, the auctioneer and about forty or fifty book-dealers. Among them were not more than three or four Universalists, and one of these a minister, from whom I had the account. The remainder were mostly orthodox.

After disposing of several books, the one in question was held up and offered for sale; and after exhausting all the auctioneering ingenuity, it was finally sold for two cents per copy. And when the purchaser was called for to know how many copies he would take, he replied, 'half a dozen.' Mr. W. an orthodox bookseller, said he would take a half dozen copies. There were sold 12 copies of this famous book for 24 cents! It may be proper to state for the information of those who have not seen the book, that it is an elegantly bound volume of 260 pages.—So much, then, for this great 'Universalism killer.'

Mr. Healthy, Ohio.

D. B.

A CLERICAL OPPOSER OF TEMPERANCE:

We find the following in a late number of the *N. Y. Organ*. Upon reading it we could not help thinking what a hue and cry would have been raised, in the partialist Journals, if a Universalist minister had taken such ground on the subject of temperance, as this Rev. Mr. Watson has done. It makes a mighty difference with them in temperance as well as in other matters, whether a man is a heretic, or whether he received his ordination at the hands of a successor to the Apostles.

Rev. Mr. Watson, "Rector of St. Peter's," Plymouth, Conn. has, as many of our readers are aware, recently been engaged in a somewhat lengthy controversy with the editor of the *Waterbury American*, in which his Reverence has labored with more zeal than success to prove that the temperance enterprise was a species of covert infidelity, and hence to be discountenanced by all true Christians. As Mr. Watson could find no resources of argument in heaven or on earth, in the book of nature or in God's Bible, in divinity or humanity, in this world's history or the experience of mankind, his round of reasoning was of necessity limited to a very narrow circle. Mr. Cooke therefore might have had an easy task, by denying without argument what his antagonist asserted without evidence. But he chose a better way; and most ably refuted every assumption, exposed every sophistry, silenced every special pleading, and rebuked the arrogance of his opponent. We are sorry, however, that the "Rector of St. Peter's" does not bear his defeat with more Christian resignation. Instead of manifesting a spirit of Christ-like humility, his wounded pride has caused him to resort to low and vulgar personalities, and, as though conscious of a bad cause, he has dropped the style of argument and descended to the meanness of twitting the editor of having once been a drinking man. Is not such a Rector as great a stumbling block to the Cause of true religion as he is to that of total abstinence?

ROSE OF SHARON FOR 1849.

This popular annual has again made its appearance as bright and beautiful as ever. A melancholy interest is imparted to the work, by the fact that the gifted editress died just as her labors in that department were completed. A finely written obituary notice from the accomplished pen of Br. Bacon, is found at the close of the volume. The work is embellished with six beautiful engravings, and the names of the contributors are a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of its contents.

Among these we notice Brs. E. H. Chapin, T. S. King, J. G. Adams, C. F. Lefevre, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. N. T. Munroe, Miss L. M. Barker, Miss M. A. H. Dodd, and seven articles from the pen of the editor.

CHESHIRE COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

This Association held its last Annual Session at Hinsdale, on the 6th inst.

Voted to receive the First Universalist Society in Marlboro into the fellowship of the Association.

Adjourned to meet in Marlboro the first Wednesday in September, 1849.

NORFOLK COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

Met in Foxboro, Aug. 30. The question came up for consideration, whether this body would reunite with the Boston Association, and was decided in the negative.

Chose Brs. C. H. Fay, L. Pond and M. B. Ballou, Committee on Fellowship and Ordination. Brs. E. F. Gay, H. Slade and C. W. Mellen, Committee on Discipline. Br. C. H. Fay preacher of the next Occasional Sermon, and Br. S. Jenkins substitute.

Love is the law of the universe—emanating from God, binding myriad worlds together in the boundless space, harmonizing all their motions without conflicts.

KENTUCKY STATE CONVENTION.

The Kentucky State Convention of Universalists held its sixth annual session in Louisville, on the 25th ult. There was quite a numerous attendance, and the reports from the different Associations were quite encouraging. Adjourned to meet at the Bremen Church, Muhlenburg Co., on the Friday preceding the 4th Sunday in Aug., 1849.

New Publications.

STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.—By General Charles W. Vane, Marquiss of Londonderry, &c. Harpers, 1848.

This work presents, in the compass of 450 pages, a complete History of the War in Spain, which was the school of discipline for Wellington, preparatory to his meeting Napoleon face to face on the plains of Waterloo. It comes down to the peace of 1814, and connects immediately with that memorable campaign; and is, therefore, as the editor says, an indispensable companion to the "Story of the Battle of Waterloo," recently issued from the press of the Harpers. Those having one should have the other.

THANKFULNESS.—Harper & Brothers have published a narrative made up of passages from the Diary of Rev. Allan Temple. The work was written by Rev. Charles B. Taylor, author of records of a good man's life, Margaret or the Pearl, &c. &c. It has a neat frontispiece, and is handsomely printed. Rev. Allan Temple is a fictitious character. He entered the ministry for the living which was secured to him, like thousands of others in the English Church. Before, however, he had fully entered upon his office, he was convicted by Whistfield, and became a zealous and useful preacher. The work is designed to show the wide difference between a wordly and a Christian minister. It has many excellent views upon that subject.

EDWARD VERNON.—This is a highly interesting narrative by E. V. Child. Edward Vernon was born near Boston, where the period of his childhood and youth were spent, he early in manhood, became a mariner, and visited various portions of the world. The history of his several voyages is given, and the dangers to which he was exposed graphically described. His love of home is strongly depicted, and his case clearly shows that, however much we may become interested in foreign lands, we never lose our ardent attachment for the land that gave us birth. The work is a 12 mo., handsomely printed and bound. It contains 200 pages and is published by Harper & Brothers.

THE DES MOINES COUNTRY.—The *Cincinnati Signal* has received a letter from A. Randall, of Dr. Owen's Geological Corps, for the survey of the North-West who, while exploring the Des Moines Country, on the Western borders of Iowa was robbed by the Sissiton Indians, and left to find his way to civilization as best he could. He gives a glowing account of the country—it being as good as any he ever saw, which is saying much, considering that he has visited the charming regions of Southern Wisconsin, North Illinois and Western Iowa. He discovered on the Des Moines a deposit of Plaster of Paris gypsum—from fifty to sixty feet thick. The land will not be in market for some years.

Mr. Randall is to explore the Falls of St. Croix, Kettle, Snake and Montreal Rivers, visit Mille Lac, one of the largest lakes west of the great Lake, and coast the Southern shores of Superior. Dr. Shumard of Louisville, has explored the St. Peter's River 200 miles.

A new freight depot is now in process of erection at East Albany, for the Albany and Boston Railroad Company. 750 feet in length and 133 in width. It is supposed 1,300,000 bricks will be required in its construction, and the cost will be \$100,000. It is to be completed in November and will be the largest building in America.

CROTON WATER.—The dry period we have had having given rise to a number of reports as to the Croton Water, it may be well to say that the delivery of water from the Reservoirs to the City is between fifteen and sixteen millions of gallons a day, about half of which, it is computed, is unnecessarily wasted. The Upper Reservoir holds 150,000,000 gallons, and is nearly full—the lower one about 50,000,000 gallons. It is 33 feet deep, and has now in 26 feet water, so that there are about 37,000,000 gallons in it, making the supply in the Reservoirs equal to the delivery of nearly two weeks—but of course these are continually receiving the water as they deliver, thus ordinarily keeping the supply good. Should the report of the Croton River at the dam being dry be true, there is still an ample supply for a month at least, from Croton Lake, even should its tributaries or streams running into it, be dry. The Lake is 6 miles long, holds 500,000,000 gallons, and is now full. It is exceedingly unusual to have an August pass away as the last, without rain, and the Croton will probably have had as much to bear this season as ever it will. There should be as little unnecessary waste of water as possible.

The late rumors of insurrection in Russia are said to have originated in the intense dissatisfaction created in the three governments nearest to St. Petersburg, by the order to levy seven men in every thousand inhabitants, issued sometime since by the Emperor.

☞ The *St. Louis Republican* of the 28th says: Bishop Chase was thrown from his buggy on Thursday, the 24th ult. at Springfield, Illinois, and had some of his ribs broken, beside being otherwise injured.

☞ The Frankfort, Me. Postmaster, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for abstracting money from the mail, has been discharged after fourteen months' incarceration, on the grant of a pardon by the President.

AN INCIDENT.—We learn from the *Boston Transcript*, that the Artist, SOUTHWORTH, who sustained heavy losses by the burning of the Ocean Monarch, met a Brooklyn friend in Boston the other day, who insisted on making Mr. S. a present in money, in consequence of his loss. Mr. S. took the money, and in a few hours afterward heard of the Brooklyn fire, by which his generous friend had been a heavy loser, when he immediately repaired to his hotel and paid the money back, with interest in the way of kind words of condolence and sympathy.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.—The St John's papers state that a destructive fire is raging in the woods on Cape Breton, which has destroyed many of the farm houses and granaries in the country around Antigonishe, and the saw mills of Mr. James Frazer at West River.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—Later advices have been received from the South American Republic by way of Havana.

In Peru difficulties are arising in the southern provinces; the vacillating nature of the Government policy towards these distant provinces seems to be fast alienating them from the Home Government, and it is to be feared, ere long, they will separate themselves entirely.

In Bolivia affairs are in an unstable condition; there was an outbreak against the Government in the city of Paz on the 25th of May, and the general idea among the leading men of that Republic is that but two ways remain to give stability to Bolivia, and these are: 1st. To obtain commercial independence, which, by directing the industrious classes towards commercial transactions, will give occupation to the inhabitants and resources for the obtaining of the necessities and luxuries of life. 2. The incorporation of the Republic with that of Peru, by which course the inhabitants would obtain all those benefits which the Peruvians now enjoy.

A treaty of Commerce and Navigation has been concluded between Peru and Chili.

THE CHESTER COUNTY BANK ROBBERY.—A man well known to the police, named George Williams, alias "Slappy," was arrested yesterday, on the charge of having been concerned in the robbery of Dr. Darlington. President of the Chester County Bank. The evidence against the prisoner is very conclusive. He was committed by Recorder Lee in default of \$10,000 bail.

The Rev. M. Robinson, of the East Common Methodist Church, Alleghany, Pa., has been sued by a parent, for marrying a daughter only 15 years of age, without consent of parents. The suit is commenced under an old law, which inflicts a penalty of fifty pounds.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

TO MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

BY THE YOUNG PASTOR.

'Tis a song from *thy* harp that is borne unto me,
From the land of the stranger in distance away;
And sweetly 'tis wafted o'er the land and the sea,
Like the notes of the Mermaid's own soft swelling lay.

'Tis laden with friendship, for it flows from a *fountain*,
Deeply imbued with the sacred Spirit above;
And it falls on my heart, as the mist from the mountain
Drops its tear on the flower, as a pledge of its love.

O! 'tis meet that thy heart to friendship be given—
'Tis an offering as pure as Angels could ask;
And long may it beam like a star in high Heaven,
To cheer *him* onward, who has won it, to his task.

Thy *friendship*! I prize it, and ever will cherish
The boon that so freely is given to me—
Though this heart that now throbs with life may soon perish,
Yet its last fervent prayer shall ascend up for thee.
Genoa Village, N. Y.

Original.

COMMUNINGS AT THE CASEMENT.—No. 4.

BY MISS A. A. MORTON.

"Home, sweet, sweet home, there is no place like home;" so sing both men and angels. Man, when away from that loved spot, ever cherishes it in his memory, and his soul filled with restless longings, fluttering its world-weary pinions, turns lovingly to it, and seeks to find rest there. And the home of the angels, aye, surely there can be no home like that! and as they walk through its golden streets, or pause by its life-giving fountains, ever and anon, amid the songs of praise that gush from their sounding harps, steal forth low sweet notes on the heavenly air, telling of their "sweet, sweet home."

Beautiful, thrice beautiful to me looks the home of my childhood as I return once again to it. That mansion, whose walls embrace the loved ones of earth, how it seems to welcome me back to its quiet rest. When last I bade it adieu, summer had but just touched it with her mantle of beauty; now it rests in rich and heavy drapery around it. How calmly it sleeps 'neath the still moonlight, with the tall trees bending like tireless watches over it. Gaze upon them for a moment, as they quiver their leaves on the air, as though scarce daring to stir lest they awaken its slumbers. And there, through the branches, peeps out the window, by the casement of which I have held many an hour of sweet communings. Nought there is changed, save the maple, now bending its long branches down closer and more caressingly to it, and preventing with its clustering leaves the moonlight from pouring in, in such a bewildering maze as was its wont. But here we are at the gate. I have alighted, and with a quick step that is passed, and I am swiftly wending my way up the grassy path that leads to the vine-wreathed door. Who of those loved inmates will open it to give and receive the first ardent greeting? 'Tis not now with me, as with many. No! there are notes within now pressing upon my watching ears, that testify of joy and pleasure at my return.

But now the door opens, and who, with a joyous bound and ringing laugh, throws loving arms, around me? Young brother mine! bless thee for thy noble heart, so full of sweet, deep and strong affections. Ah! that kiss, shadowed out by thy flowing locks of golden hair from the too rude gaze of strangers, how much it told the purity and fervor of thy love! But others come and all so glad, so full of a joyous welcome!—These are indeed moments richly full of the purest bliss of earth, whose communings of soul with soul image the hallowed loves of heaven. Well might the poet sing of "Home sweet home." But hold sweet brother. Thy questionings come so fast and free, that I can scarce find room for one answering word. Hold for a time, and go with me to our much loved window, by whose casement we have oft held communings. This excess of joy is giving place to pensiveness, and thoughts come deep and strong of the

changes and partings of earth, and the meetings in heaven. I have a story on my mind I would tell thee. Thy hand shall rest in mine while I relate it, and the rosy twilight, as it steals in upon us with a subduing influence, shall prepare our minds to profit by its moral power. There's many a joyous one goes forth from a loved home into the cold world, only to return and find it to them nought but a name. The haunts through which they loved to roam are deserted, or only pressed by unknown footsteps. Cold hands are meekly folded, once speaking lips are hushed in silence, and eyes that have beamed with life, are closed in their last long sleep. But to my story; brother. Now listen! Noble and gifted, as well as beautiful, was Edith May, the loving, and deeply loved by many a heart. In her childhood she was wild and gay as the zephyrs that sported with her raven tresses, and her dark eyes, from beneath their silken lashes, were always beaming with childish merriment. Ever through the long summer days she might be seen, chasing the bright, winged butterflies; roaming through the forest wilds, or sitting beside some mountain rill, with her snowy feet covered with its foaming spray, and her dark ringlets hidden amid the wreaths of flowers she had twined around them; while the air was filled with the soft melody warbled from her tuneful lips. But as years passed over her fair brow it began to wear a more thoughtful expression. She ceased to chase the gay butterflies, and her joyous melody was less often heard upon the air; but taking a book she would roam away to some favorite spot, and sit whole hours, wrapt in silent musings. It was her delight to read of the sunny realms of the south. Italy was her land of her dreams; and Rome with its gorgeous temples, its mighty palaces, and its ruined towers, was ever before her. Sometimes in imagination her spirit, amid the solemn splendor of those temples, would bow down with reverential worship before the Father of spirits. Then anon she would be roaming through those palace halls, inspired with the beauty of the master-works which adorned them and filled with the memory of olden times; or she would rest beneath the shadow of some silent ruin, that stood solemnly up, with its ivied garment glistening in the moonlight, every leaf of which, spoke in mystic whispering to her soul. And thus, amid such associations she lived.—Thoughts beaming with beauty came rushing upon her mind and grasping the pen for relief, she would kneel with it before the altar of poesy. Time passed, and a chaplet of laurels rested on her brow. Honors crowded upon her; yet what cared she, could she but see that fair land, which, ever since her early childhood, had haunted her fancy. An opportunity offered, and with a bounding heart bidding adieu to home and friends, she sought its sunny climes. And when there, so wholly was her spirit filled with the realization of its cherished dream, that her native land was almost forgotten. And thus to her years glided by, swiftly as the passing of a light-winged cloud.

It was an evening lovely as the one that first showed the golden stars to this then infant world, that she sat in a lofty hall, alone 'mid statues and paintings, with the moonbeams pouring through the stained windows upon her, beautiful as though their light was shining through the bright-hued drapery of a rainbow, and thoughts of home, for the first time for many months, stole over her. Could it be that for so long a time she had forgotten it? What had been the changes there during the time of her absence? Was the music of a mother's voice then sounding through it and was the light of a mother's eye beaming upon it? Were the same loved ones that had bid her adieu, then clustering around the hearth stone, and speaking of the absent one? As she thought thus, she leaned her head against a sculptured form by her side, and the tears gushed from her eyes, and coursed down its marble garments. Oh, how she longed to breathe the air of home; to clasp that mother's hand, and hear the voices of those loved ones far away. Suddenly she started and raised her hand, as though fearful the marble forms around her would break the silence, and eagerly listened, as if to catch some distant sound. Had angels come in the loneliness of that hour, and were voices from another world speaking in her ears? No! there were no angel voices sounding there. It was only in fancy that a few faint echoes of the melody of "Home, sweet home" had fallen upon her soul, and again she bowed her head and wept. Oh, Edith May! noble and gifted though thou art, too strongly hast thou been bound to thy beauteous dream-land but now the chain that has bound thee is breaking, for a voice from across the wave is calling thee home. Too wildly has thy imagination revelled amid the creations of souls like thine own. Thou hast worshipped them while thy affections have slept, but now they are awaking from their slumber.

The light of morning shone full through those stained windows, ere she raised her head. All the night long she had been listening to memory, nor with the first rays of morning did it cease its voice. As she glided from the hall her robe swept across many a statue, before which at other times she would

have paused and mused whole hours, but now she turned coldly from them. Ere many more morning lights had blushed, or evening shades had deepened, she was on her way borne by the ocean waves to her native land. It was at the close of a bright summer's day that Edith wended her way up the shady path which led to her home. As she came within view, she paused, for a strange presentiment stole o'er her; and with a trembling form she bent forward, and gazed long and earnestly upon it. There were the same noble trees, and there too was her cottage home, as it had oft of old stood before her, with its snowy walls bathed in the golden light of the sunset sky; but there was no path to the closed door, over which the woodbine had twined itself, and the darkened windows were almost hid by its heavy foliage. Tossing back the dark tresses which as she bent had clustered around her face, she raised her hand, and pressing it upon her pale brow, bent her faltering footsteps towards it.—She pushed aside the woodbine from the door, and opening it, stood upon its threshold. But no one sprang forward to grasp her hand, and no life-warm lips were pressed upon her cheek. All was deserted; while the very silence that reigned upon the air was sad and mournful. "Where, oh where," she murmured, and turning back she wandered on unconscious whither, until she stood beneath an elm, under whose shade, long years ago, she had often rested. She looked up towards its outstretched branches, as if to learn from them the answer which her spirit asked for, but it waved them in silence to the breeze, and no voice stole down to tell her of those she sought; and turning her eyes to the earth, again she murmured "Where?" But scarce had its trembling echo died, ere she sank to the ground, and as her eyes closed, her long silken lashes fell upon her white cheek, as though a deep sleep had fallen o'er her. The voice that had answered her had told her of death, and it was the sight of the green sod, and cold marble, rising over the forms she had thought to meet, that had closed her eyes; for there beneath the deepening twilight, almost close by her side, were three rising mounds, and at their head a marble slab, bearing a father's, a mother's, and a sister's name. When Edith awoke to consciousness, each vestige of twilight had passed away, and night was sailing with her regal train across the sky. "Is this a dream, a dark dream from which I am just awaking?" she asked. "No! it is no dream; they are gone, all gone, and I am alone." Then rising she knelt down by the graves, and bowed her head, till her face was nearly hid in the long dewy grass that was waving above them. Night passed, and the sun was up in the heavens, when a passer-by, taking her by the hand, gently raised her and led her from that holy spot. He was one who had known her in other days, and from him she learned, that one after another, in the short space of one month, they had followed each other to their heavenly home. And then he spoke of many a word they bid him tell her should she return again; of how they had watched through the long days, their hearts made light by the hope of seeing, or of receiving some tidings from her; and then of how the death damps had come and settled on their brows, and how with their last breath they had whispered that they should meet her again in heaven.

From that day Edith was changed, greatly changed. Her muse is now rapt in an inspiration too pure and holy to sing as it did when it won the world's laurel-wreath for her brow. But occasionally it pours out its words, in flowing numbers of sweetest melody, entrancing the spirit in a heavenly ecstasy, by the unearthly grandeur of its song. Heaven is now her dream-land; and her fancy, instead of roaming amid temples and ruins, floats on angel wings above its beautiful courts. Nor does she muse upon marble forms, wrought beneath the creative hand of imagination, but upon the spirit forms of those sainted ones whom she had mourned as dead, and who will ere long come to lead her up to find evermore a home, which knows no change. Perhaps even now she is gazing upon yonder sky, her soul catching bright glimpses of their waving pinions, in the far blue that stretches beyond the stars.

Thank God! there have no changes like those which awaited her, come to make desolate my earthly home. True, there is one voice which has long been hushed on earth, save when it comes in the holy quiet of some moonlight hour like this, and speaks in angel whispers to my soul. And I know, dear brother, as thou with me art looking up to the spangled arch of heaven, that thou too hast often heard that voice speaking in like whispers to thy soul. We may hear it here a few more times; we may stay here yet a few more days, and commune yet a few more times at this casement; and then we shall soar, and mingle our voices, which will be angel ones, with it forever.

Haifield, Aug. 1848

Passion is like the ocean in a storm, which spends the chief of its fury on itself.

THE TRAPPINGS OF WOE.

It is a just boast of our modern civilization, that, with the elaborate costumes of an earlier day, it has thrown aside most of the tedious etiquette, the senseless pomps, the cumbrous usages, which once oppressed society, and has brought up the general system of life more nearly to the line of reason, simplicity and taste. The superstitions of a childish ceremonial, which formerly waylaid existence at every turn of joy or of sorrow, and haunted, with unwelcome obtrusion, all the great occasions of prosperity and of tribulation, are now exploded; and this emancipation from the bondage of false custom is not the least brilliant feather in that various plume of liberty which crests our name with so splendid a grace. But there is one practice still prevailing among us, half-heathen, and altogether barbarous in its character, which we regard with the severest condemnation, and against which we intend to wage a continuing hostility. We mean the habit of surrounding the occasions of death and of interment, with a hideous display of black—black coffins, black dresses, black badges and streamers and scarfs. When a long loved friend is taken from our side forever—surely enough of the sun-rays of existence are blotted out—the shadow of a night sufficiently dark comes down upon the scene for us—without glooming the little light which Nature yet leaves or Grace sends down, to comfort the sad hour in which we realize our mortality. Death must always be an awful event. The termination of a human career—the extinction of a vital being, or its transfer to a condition which we can descry only through a dimness which "gives us pause" and awe—the disruption of ties as intimate and intense as our own consciousness, can never be otherwise than full of solemnity and sadness. We have no idea of concealing its seriousness, or diverting and frivolizing its gravity. But we object to the detestable system of accumulating upon the natural woe which attends the scene—a voluntary and artificial distress. When the heart is wounded by an actual loss, why should the imagination also be affrighted by additional spectacles of unreal horror? When we ought to seek for calmness, & such consolation as thought and memory and hope can yield us, why do we agitate the feelings by adventitious symbols of bereavement? why do we perplex the reason and dismay the affections by an exhibition of sights which indicate some greater calamity even than that which we feel and know? As if the withdrawal of one member of a domestic circle were not privation enough, the survivors must disguise themselves from one another by a hateful and repulsive costume. The father of a family is taken away: his child seeks for consolation in a mother's bosom, or turns for comfort to the society of a brother or sister; and finds the familiar form altered to his eyes, and made revolting to his sympathies, by the repulsive vestments of funeral parade. There is nothing natural or reasonable in this method of solemnizing the departure of a friend. Undoubtedly, at such times, the spirit is averse from gaiety; it withdraws from the light; it shuns the display of gaudy apparel. But does it feel inclined to seek for more anguish? is it disposed to court new sources of dismay, beyond that abiding one which presses on the heart? On the contrary, we know that it is a horrid penance which society then imposes upon the suffering survivors. The truth is, that half the agony and terror which now surrounded the grave is of human and willful creation. "The pomp of death terrifies more than death itself," was the observation of an old philosopher, which we daily see verified around ourselves. We deny, also, that any moral advantage is wrought by this system of dramatic disfigurement. The object of moralists should be to make men reflect upon death, as a thing certain to overtake themselves: he should endeavor to make it familiar to their meditations. But the exaggerated and unendurable gloom with which we surround it, makes the mind turn from it, and flee away from the recollection of it, as a thing so hateful that it is diligently to be forgotten. It is the conscientious moralist, indeed, who ought to be most earnest in making protest against an usage which exhibits death in a false and affected character; which conceals, by an outward and theatrical solemnity, the true, spiritual seriousness of the event; and substitutes an appeal to the fancy for an address to the heart. The system, we are satisfied, has its origin in imperfect sensibility and erroneous views and finds its support in a miserable ostentation. It is time that truth and reason should interpose to terminate these offensive caricatures of feeling—this scenic showing forth of an occasion which ought to be invested with earnestness, sobriety and simplicity.

But that a people professing Christianity should, by their funeral usages, admit or proclaim that death is for them an occurrence of utter and hopeless gloom—that the disciples of him who has said, that he would be the end of destructions and the plague of the grave, should allow the enemy of the human race thus insultingly to wave the black flag of his hideous triumph over

every mortal in succession—is to us a thing incomprehensible. The one, peculiar, imperishable, sublime boasts of Christianity is, that it transmutes our weakness into glory, and makes the foe of our race a servant to open to us the portal of a more exalted being. The tomb, to us, is not the end but the beginning of life: it is not extinction, but a new and everlasting creation. Yet, in forgetfulness, and in practical denial of all this, we commit our departed to the earth with circumstances of darker and deeper despondency than any pagan people ever practiced. The preacher tells us that, in our faith, Death is swallowed up in victory; that this mortal whom we lose has not perished, but has put on immortality: yet no rite, no symbol, no marked attire, indicates our adoption of these mighty truths. Instead of this we pile upon the event every token of despair and woe. Religion, undoubtedly, presents this subject to us as one of serious import, and bids us regard it with solemnity; but the costume in which we apparel it creates no salutary awe, awakes no healing sorrow; it generates only a vacant horror and a barren agony.

In every point of view—divine and human, moral and rational—in which the subject can be looked at, our system of mourning apparel, as it is now practiced, is indefensible and wrong. The evil, too instead of diminishing, appears to be upon the increase. Pride and vanity always profuse in "actions that a man might play," have taken it under their especial patronage. We have but touched upon the subject to-day: we shall return to it again, and shall not cease from our expostulations until either we have effected some improvement, or are satisfied that the nuisance is beyond our abatement.—*Home Jour.*

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

The following lines from the St. Louis Reveille, were written by some one who knew the meaning of the injunction "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Their naturalness and simplicity are matchless, while the benevolence and piety they inculcate remind us of the exercises of heaven. The enlightened benevolence that guards and counsels "Our Little Boy" is sure to have a reward in a youth of virtuous dignity, and a manhood of worth and honor—unless death should break the charm; but then how sweet the task to render up in obedience to the behest of Him that doeth all things well, a gem to add to the beauties of the celestial kingdom. J. G. McADAM.

OUR LITTLE BOY.

When the evening shadows gather
Round about our quiet hearth,
Comes our eldest born unto us,
Bending humbly to the earth;
And with hands enclasped tightly,
And with meek eyes raised above,
This is the prayer he offers nightly,
To the source of light and love:

"Bless my parents, O, my Father!
Bless my little sister dear;
While I gently take my slumbers,
Be thy guardian angels near.
Should no morning's dawn ere greet me,
Beaming brightly from the skies,
Thine the eye of love to meet me
In the paths of Paradise."

Now a glad "good night" he gives us,
And he seals it with a kiss;
Naught of earthly sorrow grieves us
In an hour so full of bliss.
Now our arms about him wreathing,
One fond kiss before he sleeps:
Soon we hear his gentle breathing
In a slumber calm and deep."

A GENTLE REPROOF.

One day, as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily advocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and

sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode was described of cooking, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once; if possible and therefore cooked portions of it in different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped into the pot. In due time her husband came home. Some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything you have spoiled it for my eating. [Takes off the cover.] I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better; I never loved fried fish. Why didn't you boil some."

"Dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some."

So saying she lifted a cover, and, lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish? Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder!

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed!" grumbled the discomfited husband; "I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BULL FROG, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

From The New-York Organ.

THE TWO SISTERS.

BY J. N. STONE.

Two sisters stood by the grave of their youthful brother, as his remains were lowered into its cold bosom. And while the younger gave vent to apparently uncontrollable and boisterous grief, the elder with a more refined and true delicacy remained quiet and firm; her respiration scarcely perceptible as she gazed intently on the passing scene. There was one present who had formerly been an inmate in the family of the two sisters; had closely observed their peculiarities and dispositions; and who saw with interest this development of their distinctive characters: for he knew that the loud weeping of the one betokened not more of deep feeling than the silence of the other.

The younger sister, whose grief assumed such an outward show, had ever found it an irksome and unwilling task to tend and wait upon her little brother while he lived—then pretty and interesting. She neither yielded nor won affection. The cat and the dog, even evinced by their unmistakable instincts that the younger was no favorite in the household—the one by a sudden exit whenever she appeared; the other by a retiring growl: while both manifested evident tokens of joy and recognition at the approach of the elder sister—she who had stood silent beside the grave and seemingly unmoved.

Happy in making others so, it had been her delight to take her little brother in her arms and rock him to sleep as the evening came; soothe his childish sorrow, and sing to him with a voice always sweet and musical, but peculiarly so when breathing the soft tones of a sister's affection. She had watched incessantly by the couch of the dying boy. No hand was laid so gently on his pillow; no voice like hers comforted with sweet accent, and soothed the agonies of hastening dissolution: and as suddenly his listening ear caught its sound, a look of gladness might be seen to steal over his features—chasing momentarily away the expression of pain and suffering they usually wore—sunshine amid clouds. Even as he wasted, she seemed to love him more. Grieved and oppressed by his sufferings she wished the lagging moments to speed more swiftly to give him

rest: and yet, how she dreaded that hour of parting. But soon it came.

She was leaning over his couch breathless and silent, and with a look of restrained emotion; her arm was supporting his little head, and his face was turned towards hers bearing the token of death. "Willy!" she whispered involuntarily; and then a sweet smile played around his features, but no motion or sound ensued. He seemed as one falling into a happy sleep; his eyes gently closed; and in that hour his young spirit took its flight to the eternal world.

The moral we may gather from this sketch seems to be, that we may well distrust not only the genuine nature of that grief which is chiefly evinced by outward show and public parade: but sometimes suspect that an inward-working remorse has seized violently upon its apparent possessor—rising like the ghosts in Macbeth to punish the guilty.

THE LAZY CLUB.

There was formerly in the town of B——, not a thousand miles from Worcester, Mass., a duly organized association of anti-workers, known as the Lazy Club. Over the beautiful common in the centre of the village, on a certain time, one of the members of the club was seen riding on horseback at full speed. This being in direct violation of the by-laws, he was recalled up before the club to answer for the misdemeanor. He frankly confessed as to the speed, but exonerated himself from blame by stating that the reins having accidentally fallen on the neck of his horse, he chose to be run away with, even at the hazard of his neck, rather than take the trouble to pick up the reins again. He was declared to be a worthy member!

Secular Department.

HURRICANE IN THE WEST INDIES.

By a recent arrival at Boston we have accounts of a dreadful hurricane in the West Indies involving the destruction of a vast amount of property, and an immense loss of life.

At St. Kitts it lasted 5 hours, with three shocks of an earthquake, during which the barometer fell to 28 degrees, 6 minutes.

Throughout the whole Island most of the buildings are thrown down, and the sugar-cane completely prostrated.

The loss of life is very great. The schooner Mary foundered with all on board. A vessel at St-Martins was lost and ten of her crew perished. A number of persons have also been killed by the falling of buildings.

The Legislature has been called together.

From Antigua the accounts are interesting. Eagle Harbor and Falmouth are nearly overthrown. Pretty much all the plantations on the Island are injured. Eleven persons have been killed by the falling of buildings, and five churches thrown down. The injury is greater than the hurricane of 1837 or the earthquake of 1834. It is feared that worse accounts are yet to come.

DEATH OF COM. MACKENZIE.

SING SING, Sept. 13, 1848.

ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE is no more. He died at his place at 12 1-2 o'clock to-day from an affection of the heart. He was attacked while riding upon his horse in this village. He succeeded in getting his feet out of the stirrups, and immediately fell to the ground upon his head; was taken up and carried into a house by two persons who witnessed the fall, and breathed but twice afterwards. Rev. Dr. Creighton was in the village at the time, and carried the news to the family of the deceased. His remains were removed in the afternoon to his residence, about two miles below the village.

Yours, &c.

W. L. C.

We learn that an inquest was held immediately, and a verdict rendered by the Jury that death was occasioned by disease of the heart, as above stated. Com. Mackenzie is well known in the literary world by his picturesque book, entitled "A Year in Spain" which attained a wide popularity in England. He wrote, in addition "Spain Revisited," and a work

on Great Britain, which display extensive powers of observation, and an easy and vigorous style. We need hardly remark, that he was most widely known by his connection with the unfortunate tragedy of the Somers.—*Tribune*.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Europa at this port seven days later intelligence has been received.

The most important news is that which relates to the condition of affairs in France. The liberty of the press is suspended. Several of the more prominent journals, in opposition to the government have been suppressed by Gen. Cavaignac.

Since then the Government has given notice to the editors of the *Reforme*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Democratic Pacifique*, that if they are not more measured in their language they will be suppressed. M. Thiers went to M. Senard the Minister of the Interior, to remonstrate with him on the danger to which he exposed the country by his violence against the newspapers and declared that the Republican Government was much more severe and arbitrary than even that of the Bourbons or Louis Philippe had been. M. Senard replied that the dynasty of Louis Philippe had fallen, notwithstanding its rigors against the press; and as the republic was not sufficiently strong to resist such an engine, it is necessary for it to use more energetic measures.

PARIS AGAIN A CAMP.—Rumors of an impending insurrection have again been current in Paris; and the danger is to be apprehended from the Legitimists, who are asserted to have formed an alliance with the red Republicans and Socialists. The debate on the report of the Committee of Inquiry excited much alarm. The strictest military precautions were adopted by the government.

On the Quai d'Orsay, extending from the Esplanades des Invalides towards the Champ de Mars, far beyond the snuff manufactory, the 7th light infantry was encamped, and the 12th regiment of the line occupied the camp of the Esplanade des Invalides. In the court yard of the hotel of the President of the National assembly were to be seen crowds of National Guards, lancers and artillery, so that 20,000 men could have been collected round the Assembly in twenty minutes. The whole garrison of Paris, and all the troops within many leagues, were under arms on Friday night.

A large encampment was formed, as if by magic, on Sunday afternoon, in the grand square of the Champs Elysees. On Sunday at noon, that vast area presented its wonted appearance of a level and vacant square. At 5 o'clock it was literally covered with tents and swarming with soldiers. Another camp, of equal extent, is fixed on the opposite side of the river on the Esplanade of the Invalides, and a third on that portion of the Quai d'Orsay which extends from the Invalides to the Pont de Greenelle. The gardens, courts, and every available space within the Chamber and its dependencies, and the President's hotel, are also quite filled with troops, including a great quantity of artillery. Cannon are planted behind the entrenchment and others are concealed by the columns of the vestibule.

IRELAND.—THE COMING CALAMITY.—The calamity of '49 is no longer a menacing probability. The hearts of men are no longer fluctuating between flitting gleams of hope and appalling anticipations of what is to come. We have passed probability. We have arrived at certainty. There can be now no rational doubt that the darkest year in Ireland's history of misfortune still awaits us. The fourth year of a continued famine in a country like this is a calamity that can admit of no parallel. The first famine—that of '46—brought little desolation. The poorest had some resource to fall back on—if not in means of their own, in the then unexhausted and ready charity of the public.

The famine of '47 was doubly destructive, because the previous year had carried off the poor man's all. The famine of '48, when the crop had partially failed, owed all its severity to the fact that it followed two successive famines. The calamity of one year produces an exhaustion which tells upon the year following. The destruction of human food which in '46 would do little or no injury to human life, cannot fail in '49 to produce deaths by the thousand.

We think it is high time for all classes to look steadily at facts, and see what can be done to mitigate the calamity of '49 and prevent its consummating the miseries of past years by plunging all classes into one common ruin.

The Potatoe crop may be looked upon as lost. There is, of course, a disposition to recoil from this fearful contemplation. And the public mind still hopes against hope that the ruin of this crop may not be so universal as is represented. Heartily do we wish it may not; but we see no reasons to indulge such expectations. Without dwelling on the accounts which reached us from the country during the past week on this painful subject, we may lay it down as a broad, indisputable fact that the Potato crop, viewed as the staple food of the masses, is lost.

FROM VENEZUELA.—By the brig *Almatia*, which arrived* at this port on Saturday, later advices have been received from Venezuela. General Monagas was at Puerto Cabello on the 13th, on his way to Cataccas. A letter from the former place says:

"Prior to his arrival, the municipal authorities decorated with palm leaves, &c. the lintels of the doors and windows of the streets, through which he, in his entrance, was to pass.—A German merchant, of high respectable standing, whose house was one of those ornamented for the occasion, had the indiscretion to manifest his ill-feelings for General M., by tearing them down; the consequence to him of which was, an arbitrary fine, by order of General M. of one hundred dollars. His reception was a cool and indifferent one, as many friends assured me, no person of any standing attended upon him.

Mr. David, cutler, of Leadenhall-street, London, has recently registered under the Utility Designs Act, a razor of highly improved configuration, which consists in giving a curvilinear form, lengthwise, to the edge of the blade, and leaving more room for obtaining a good purchase on it when shaving. The handle also is beveled within-side, to allow more space for the entry of the blade when shutting to—thus preventing the injury to its edge, that frequently occurs from catching on the sides of the handle.

"JUST LIKE HIM."—A poor, pious negro woman being addressed by her teacher on the goodness of God, was asked whether she was not astonished at his mercy in giving his Son, and his condescension in giving that Son for her, she replied she was not. Supposing she was not sufficiently impressed with the subject, and defective in the fine feeling of gratitude, he continued to expatiate on the vastness and freedom of his love, giving additional emphasis to his language and coloring to his subject, closing again with the question, "What, are you not astonished at this?" "No, massa," was still the reply. Turning upon her with a degree of impatience, "And why are you not astonished?" he enquired. "Why, massa, me no astonished, *because it be just like him.*"

N. Y. ASSOCIATION.

This body adjourned to meet on Wednesday, October 11th, at such place as may be designated by the Standing Clerk. Any friends desirous of having the Association meet with them, will please address the subscriber.

THOS. B. THAYER, *Standing Clerk.*

Brooklyn, August 7, 1848.

NOTICE.

A public meeting of the "Union Teachers' Society," will be held on Monday evening, Sept 25th, 1848, in the Vestry of the Bleecker-street Church, at 7 1-2 o'clock. All the friends of the Sabbath School cause are invited to attend.

These meetings should be noticed by all as an evening's enjoyment, not to be overlooked. If we were all in the habit of making it a point to place them among our list of amusements, that list would be greatly improved. For here we are not only pleased by the vision, but we are instructed by many beautiful truths. Many who believe the Teacher's duty to be an arduous task, would soon have that thought dispelled, and be anxious to join that band of brothers and sisters, who are striving to show forth the beauty and purity of the Sabbath School cause.

By order,

EDWARD J. SMALL.

SUSQUEHANNA ASSOCIATION.

The annual session of the Susquehanna Association of Universalists, for 1848, will be held in Prompton, Wayne Co., Pa., the first Wednesday and following Thursday, 4th and 5th of October. The Council will convene Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock. Public services will commence at half past ten. Friends from a distance arriving on Tuesday afternoon and evening, will find a committee at the Church to di-

rect them to places of entertainment. We hope all the Societies in the bounds of the Association will be represented, and we invite our friends generally, and ministering brethren from a distance, in particular, to attend.

E. E. GUILD, *Standing Clerk.*

Will the Magazine and Advocate please copy.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Rev. S. Streeter of Boston, will preach in the Orchard st. Church next Sunday morning and afternoon.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Woodbridge, N. J., on Sunday, 24th inst., at a quarter before 11, A. M.

Br. Collins will preach in Egremont, the 1st Sunday in Oct. and Br. Bulkeley will supply his desk in Hudson.

Br. G. W. Montgomery, will preach in Blauveltville, next Sunday Morning and Afternoon, and at Piermont in the evening.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins:—Credit Washington Preston, Macomb P. O., Macomb Co., Michigan, \$2, for Ladies' Repository, and charge to this Office.

Br. Tompkins:—Please send current volume of Repository to Miss Catharine Snyder, Glen Wild, Sullivan Co., N. Y., credit her \$2 and charge this office.

Marriages.

On Tuesday afternoon, 5th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Higbee, CHARLES CROOKE LEWIS, Esq. of the firm of Crooke, Fowks & Co., to Miss HARRIET A. GERARD, daughter of the late William Gerard, all of this city.

In this city, on the 10th inst., by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Mr. FRANCIS TURNER, to Miss SOPHIA WEST.

In Geneva, on Thursday, Aug. 31, by the Rev. O. Ackley, Rev. E. CASE, JR., to Miss E. JANE FRANKLIN.

On Thursday the 14th inst., by the Rev. E. Lathrop, Mr. BENJAMIN H. HORTON, of Brooklyn, to Miss PHEBE H. WEST, of this city.

In this city, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. R. P. Ambler, Mr. ELIJAH MOTT and Miss MARY I. MEEHAN.

On the 13th inst., by the same, at Hoboken, Mr. EDGAR A. BRUSH and Miss ISABEL J. WALKER.

In this city, Sept. 18th, by Rev. Otis A. Skinner, Mr. JAMES L. DEAN of this city to Miss EUNICE COX, of Stamford, Conn.

Deaths.

In this city, Sept. 15th, EMILY SNOW, aged 3 months, daughter of Emily and J. Sturges.

In Cheshire, Conn., Sept. 11, FRANCES, daughter of William and Mary E. Mix, aged 2 years and 5 months.

In Bridgeport, Aug. 29, FRANK, son of David D. and Clarissa Lockwood, aged 10 months.

Few trials are harder to bear than the loss of dear little children. And there is a deep and solemn mystery in the providence which takes them from us, all undeveloped, like the bud when it first shoots from the parent stalk. But there is rich consolation in the words of Jesus: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." May these bereaved parents find in them all needed hope and comfort.

M. B.

In Chickopee, Mass., on the 29th Aug., EXELIA CYNDONIA, only child of E. G. and H. E. Heath, aged 3 years and 2 months.

By this dispensation of Providence, youthful parents are bereaved of their first, their only child. The departed was a lovely child—a beautiful flower cut down in the morning of its existence. Dispare, as if to herald a stronger triumph, fastened its fangs upon this child, naturally possessed of sound health and robust constitution. The fond eyes of parental love looked upon her as a treasure, long to be their own. But he who hath said, "All souls are mine," called her home to himself. The dust moulders back to its native element, the spirit "returns to God who gave it." There, mourning parents, it is safe. The tempest cannot destroy, sighs and tears cannot mar its happiness. From this lone "vale of tears" the Father hath summoned it to commune with angels and with God. May this event be sanctified to the highest good of these parents; and may they, looking up through their tears, to the cross, say always, "Father, not our will, but thine be done."—*Com.*